



...GIANT 52-PAGE SIZE! BUY NO LESS!...



NO 12
JUNE-
JULY

SPY-HUNTERS

AMERICA'S UNSUNG HEROES

in DARING ACTION...DEADLY INTRIGUE...GLAMOROUS ROMANCE!

10¢

Special
ALL-
THRILL
NUMBER





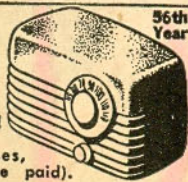
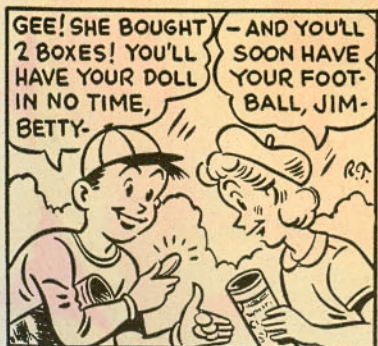
WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

GIVEN!

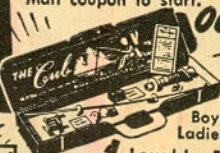
**ACT NOW
MAIL COUPON!**

BOYS! GIRLS! LADIES! MEN! WE GIVE YOU CASH OR PREMIUMS!

**JIM and
BETTY FIND A NEW
"TREASURE"**



WE ARE RELIABLE!
Candid Cameras with Carrying Cases, Radios (sent postage paid). Mail coupon to start.



OUR 56th YEAR

Boys! Girls! Ladies! Men!



**ACT NOW
56th YR.**

Lovable Dolls over 15" high, Cub Fishing Outfits, Genuine 22 Cal. Rifles, Daisy Air Rifles (sent postage paid). Give pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE sold at 25c a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with order to start. It's fun! Easy! We trust you! Begin at once!

BE FIRST



Boys-Girls Bicycles (sent express charges collect). Mail coupon to start.

NO MONEY NOW

Pocket Watches, Wrist Watches, Baseballs, Bats (sent postage paid). Other Premiums or Cash easily yours. To start, mail coupon for White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE and Pictures easily sold to friends, relatives, neighbors at 25c a box (with picture).



YOUR BIG CHANCE!

LOOK!



START TODAY!



Footballs, Basketballs (sent postage paid). Mail coupon to start.



Ukuleles, Jewelry, Watches (sent postage paid). Mail coupon to start.

BIG CATALOG!

Alarm Clocks, Pen and Pencil Sets, Bibles, Billfolds, Telescopes, Roller Skates, Blankets, Aluminum Ware, Record Players, Movie Machines (sent postage paid). Rush coupon to start!



WE ARE RELIABLE

MAIL NOW!

Wilson Chem. Co. Dept. 27, Tyrone, Pa. Date.....
Gentlemen:- Please send me on trial 13 colorful art pictures with 13 boxes of White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE to sell at 25c a box (with picture.) I will remit amount asked within 30 days, select a Premium or keep Cash Commission as explained under Premium wanted in catalog sent with order, postage paid to start.

Name..... Age.....
St..... RD..... Box.....
Town..... Zone No..... State.....

PRINT LAST NAME HERE

Paste coupon on postal card or mail in envelope today



THE SERRA FORMOSA IS A TANGLED TABLELAND LOST IN THE SPRAWLING IMMENSITY OF THE BRAZILIAN JUNGLE -- ONE OF THE FEW PLACES IN THE WORLD YOU'D EXPECT TO FIND UNTOUCHED BY COMMUNIST SCHEMES FOR CONQUEST AND DOMINATION! BUT EVEN HERE, THE FAMILIAR RED PATTERN IS AT WORK -- UNTIL SLIM TREMAINE FINDS A COUNTERSTROKE IN THE BRAZILIAN BOMBSHELL!



WHAT A CHUMP I WAS TO CONTRACT FOR A ONE-MAN SURVEY OF THIS AREA -- LOOKING FOR NEW TYPES OF RUBBER TREES! THE INDIANS ARE SO UNPREDICTABLE THAT I CAN NEVER TELL WHEN THEY'RE AFTER A DAY'S WORK, AND WHEN THEY'RE AFTER MY HEAD -- BUT RIGHT NOW, I'D DO HANDSPRINGS TO SEE EVEN THEM!



SUDDENLY --

OOPS! PROBABLY JUST AN INDIAN HUNTING WITH A BORROWED RIFLE -- BUT I'D BETTER MAKE SURE I DON'T FALL UNDER THE HEADING OF GAME!

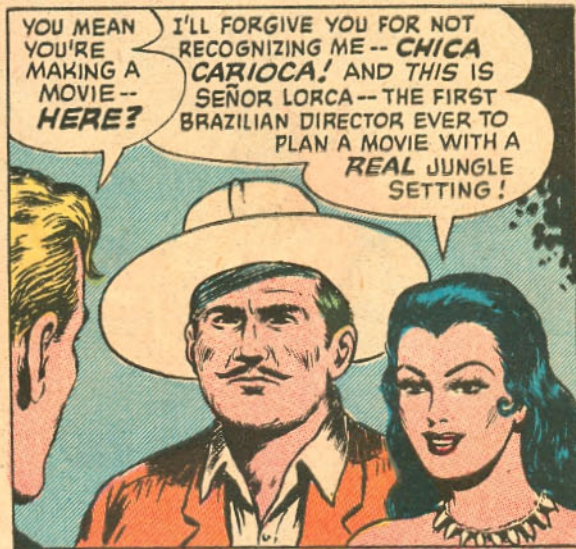
BANG! BANG!



A HUNDRED YARDS BEYOND --

YAAHOOD!

HOLY MACKEREL!





NEXT DAY --

WISH I'D HAD THE PRESENCE OF MIND TO GIVE THOSE TWO INDIANS A PRESENT! LETTING 'EM WALK OFF RILED IS PRACTICALLY ASKING FOR AN ARROW IN THE WISHBONE!



UNEXPECTEDLY --

OH, BROTHER -- SPEAKING OF ARROWS --



GOTCHA!

OOH!



IS THAT THE WAY YOU AMERICANS SAY HELLO? LORCA AND THE OTHERS ARE OUT SHOOTING BACKGROUND SCENES-- AND I THOUGHT I'D SEE WHAT YOU WERE DOING!

MY GOSH, SWEETHEART-- YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE COME OUT ALONE! THE JUNGLE ISN'T SAFE!



IN THAT CASE-- WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

RESEARCH FOR A TIRE MANUFACTURER! SIX MONTHS AGO, I THOUGHT IT WOULD BE PARADISE -- BUT I'VE LOST A LOT OF HALF-BAKED IDEAS I USED TO HAVE ABOUT THE JUNGLE!



IN FACT, THE ONE BANG I'VE HAD IN THE SERRA FORMOSA WAS THAT GLIMPSE OF YOUR COSTUME!

YES? IF YOU HADN'T MENTIONED THAT NONSENSE ABOUT THE JUNGLE BEING DANGEROUS-- I'D BE WILLING TO SLIP BACK TO CAMP AND PUT IT ON!



BANG! BANG!

YAAA-HOO!



IT'S NOTHING, SLIM! LORCA'S PROBABLY RECORDING A FEW SOUND EFFECTS!

HOPE SO, HONEY-- BECAUSE THOSE WAR WHOOFS MEAN BUSINESS!



YAAA--HOO!

CHICA--
WAIT!



BANG!
BANG!

A MOMENT LATER--

SLIM--IT'S AWFUL!
THOSE SAVAGES NOT
ONLY GRABBED LORCA
AND HIS ASSISTANTS--
BUT THEY TOOK SOME
OF THE EQUIPMENT,
TOO!

YEP--AND THIS
SURVEYOR'S TRANSIT
IS ONE OF THE THINGS
THEY DIDN'T TAKE!
KIND OF STRANGE
EQUIPMENT FOR A
MOVIE COMPANY
TO CARRY!



THAT'S NOT WHAT
MATTERS NOW!
ISN'T THERE
SOMETHING
WE CAN DO
TO HELP?

WITH A SINGLE GUN?
BABY, I'M AFRAID
OUR ONLY CHANCE IS
TO GO DOWN RIVER
TO THE ARMY POST
AT ROSARIO!

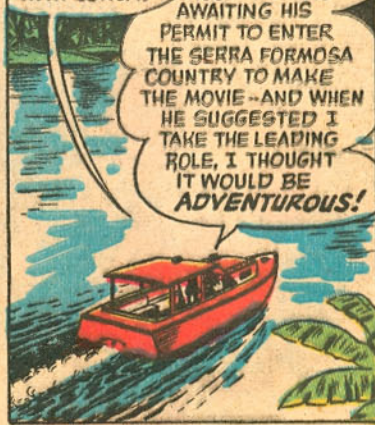


SOON AFTERWARD --

I MET HIM

CHICA -- HOW'D
YOU MANAGE TO
GET TIED UP
WITH LORCA?

AT HIS RENTED
HOME IN ROSARIO
JUST A FEW WEEKS
AGO! HE WAS
AWAITING HIS
PERMIT TO ENTER
THE SERRA FORMOSA
COUNTRY TO MAKE
THE MOVIE--AND WHEN
HE SUGGESTED I
TAKE THE LEADING
ROLE, I THOUGHT
IT WOULD BE
ADVENTUROUS!



YOU'VE BEEN IN PICTURES FOR SEVERAL
YEARS, HONEY -- AND IF LORCA REALLY
IS A DIRECTOR, DON'T YOU THINK IT'S
STRANGE YOU
NEVER MET
HIM BEFORE?

BUT, SLIM -- WHAT
ELSE COULD
HE BE?



I MAY BE WAY OFF BASE,
CHICA -- BUT I'M WORKING
ON AN INTERESTING
POSSIBILITY!

IS THAT
THE **ONLY**
ONE YOU
HAVE IN
MIND?





ARE YOU KIDDING?

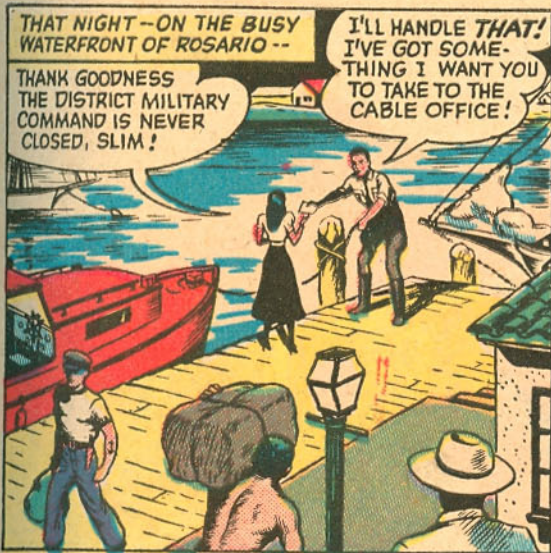
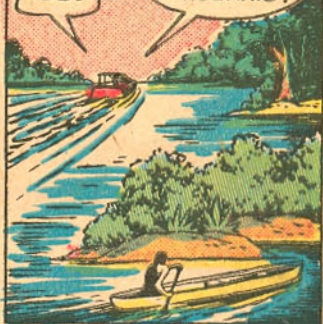


SUDDENLY --

OHH!

I KNOW IT SOUNDS SILLY, BUT FOR A SECOND I WAS POSITIVE I SAW AN INDIAN IN A DUGOUT-- FOLLOWING US!

PROBABLY JUST A FLOATING LOG! YOU WON'T FIND AN INDIAN WITHIN FIFTY MILES OF A TOWN THE SIZE OF ROSARIO!



THAT NIGHT--ON THE BUSY WATERFRONT OF ROSARIO --

THANK GOODNESS THE DISTRICT MILITARY COMMAND IS NEVER CLOSED, SLIM!

I'LL HANDLE THAT! I'VE GOT SOMETHING I WANT YOU TO TAKE TO THE CABLE OFFICE!



To
National Instrument Co.
Rochester, N.Y.
Please cable
Sales record on
Surveyor's transit
90477.
-- Slim Tremaine
Rosario, Brazil



SLIM, I KNOW YOU SUSPECT LORCA OF SOMETHING-- BUT THERE ARE PROBABLY DOZENS OF REASONS WHY HE INCLUDED SURVEYING INSTRUMENTS AMONG HIS EQUIPMENT!

SURE--AND THERE ARE DOZENS OF PLACES AROUND RIO DE JANEIRO TO SHOOT JUNGLE SCENES--

-- WHY SHOULD LORCA TREK A THOUSAND MILES TO THE SERRA FORMOSA?



SOON AFTERWARD --

SEÑOR, SINTO QUE NÃO POSSO LHE SER BOM!

GOSH, I SHOULD HAVE BROUGHT CHICA ALONG TO INTERPRET!

LOOK!

I'VE GOT TO SEE THE COLONEL-- VERY IMPORTANT -- YOU CATCH?

A MOMENT LATER -- IN MANGLED PORTUGUESE--



COLONEL, MUCH TROUBLE FORMOSA! YOU MUST SEND-- UHH-- MUCH TROOPS VERY QUICK!

THIS IS ALARMING NEWS, SENOR! I WILL SEND A REPORT TO RIO DE JANEIRO IMMEDIATELY-- AND YOU CAN BE SURE MY GOVERNMENT WILL NOT HESITATE TO TAKE APPROPRIATE ACTION!

I'VE SENT THE CABLE OFF, SLIM! WHAT ABOUT THE SOLDIERS?

WELL, I HAD A LITTLE TROUBLE MAKING MYSELF UNDERSTOOD-- BUT I'M PRETTY SURE TROOPS WILL BE SENT UP TO THE SERRA FORMOSA IN TIME TO SAVE LORCA AND HIS PALS!



MEANWHILE -- WE'VE GOT A FEW HOURS TO KILL BEFORE WE GET AN ANSWER TO THAT CABLE! GOT ANY SUGGESTIONS, CHICA?



THERE'S AN IDEA, SLIM! THAT SMALL THEATER IS SHOWING ONE OF MY PICTURES!

OH, COME ON! DON'T YOU WANT TO SEE THE WAY I LOOK ON THE SCREEN?

SURE-- JUST AS LONG AS IT ISN'T ONE OF THOSE OPEN AIR PLACES, WHERE WE'D GET CHEWED UP BY MOSQUITOES!



SILLY--THERE AREN'T ANY MOSQUITOES THIS TIME OF YEAR!

BABY, I'M TELLING YOU! ONE JUST WHIZZED PAST MY EAR -- AND HE SOUNDED LIKE A WHOPPER!

TWO HOURS LATER --

PHODEY!

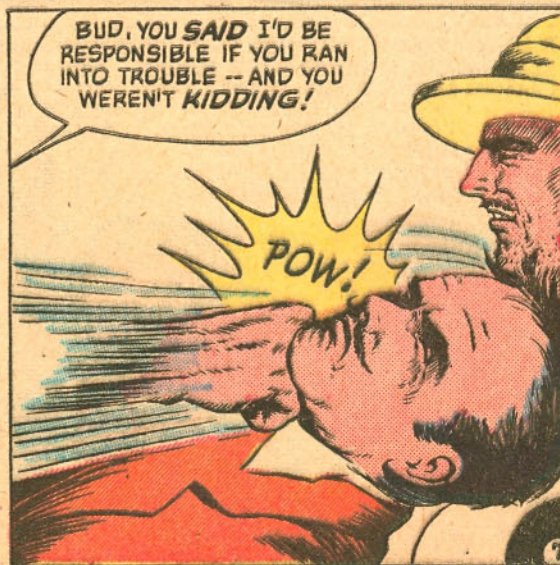
WHY, SLIM--IS THAT THE NOISE AMERICANS MAKE WHEN THEY'RE JEALOUS?



NONSENSE! I DON'T CLAIM TO BE AN ACTOR-- BUT I COULD RUN RINGS AROUND THAT PALOOKA!

SLIM, IF WE DO ANY RUNNING-- LET'S MAKE IT TO THE CABLE OFFICE!







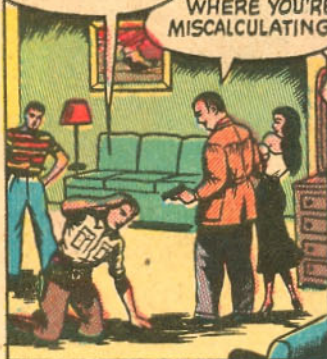
YOU COMMIES MUST BE SHORT OF PLACES WORTH GRABBING, LORCA -- WHEN YOU'RE INTERESTED IN A HUNK OF WILDERNESS LIKE THE SERRA FORMOSA!

AHA -- **THAT'S** WHERE YOU'RE MISCALCULATING!

IN THE EVENT OF A WORLD WAR, SOUTH AMERICA WILL BE OF GREAT STRATEGIC VALUE -- AND THE SERRA FORMOSA IS THE **ONLY** SPOT ON THE CONTINENT THAT'S WITHIN MEDIUM BOMBER RANGE OF EVERY CAPITAL IN SOUTH AMERICA! THAT'S WHY WE'VE SURVEYED THE AREA -- WHILE PRETENDING TO WORK ON A JUNGLE MOVIE!

WHEN IT CAME TIME TO APPLY FOR A PERMIT-- I DECIDED THAT HIRING A WELL-KNOWN STAR LIKE CHICA WOULD MAKE MY STORY ABOUT A JUNGLE PICTURE ALL THE MORE CONVINCING!

YOU COULDN'T HAVE FOUND IT **THAT** EASY TO CONVINCE THOSE INDIANS, RAT! HOW'D YOU MANAGE TO **ESCAPE?**



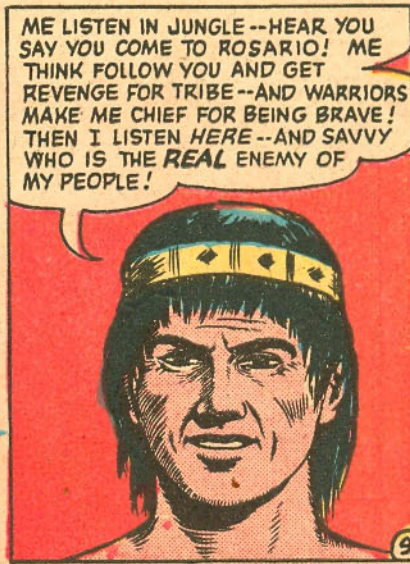
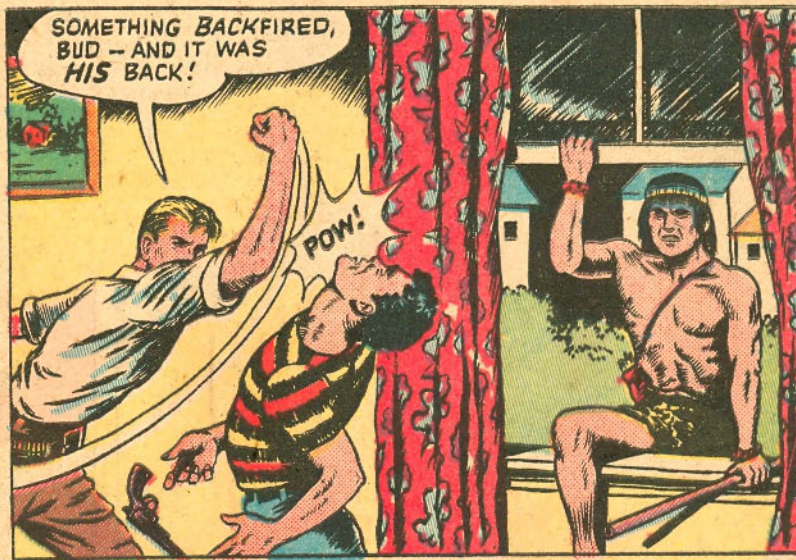
I MERELY PROVED THAT **YOU** WERE THEIR REAL ENEMY -- BY RUNNING OFF SEVERAL FRAMES SHOWING YOUR SCUFFLE WITH THE TWO WARRIORS! ONCE WE ASSURED THE INDIANS OF OUR FRIENDSHIP, WE MADE GOOD USE OF OUR TIME -- MAPPING THE VILLAGE AND ESTIMATING ITS FIGHTING STRENGTH!

YOU MEAN YOU PLAN TO USE THE INDIANS AS **ALLIES?**

PRIMITIVE SAVAGES LIKE **THEM**-- UNABLE TO READ EVEN A WORD OF MARX? NO, MY PIGEON-- ONCE WE SEIZE THE SERRA FORMOSA FOR USE AS A SLAVONIAN AIRFIELD, WE WILL CUT DOWN THE INDIANS JUST AS WE CUT DOWN THE JUNGLE!

YOU'VE GOT IT ALL FIGURED, LORCA -- EVERYTHING BUT THE SLIP-UPS!







the "POPSICLE" TWINS HELP THE SHERIFF

TESS AND TIM CAPTURE
THE BANK ROBBERS

THIS
"POPSICLE"
CANDID CAMERA'S
A HONEY!

TIM—
THOSE
MEN!

BANK
ROBBERS!

LONE CITY BANK

I GOT
'EM IN MY
VIEWFINDER!

WE'LL GET IT
DEVELOPED
AT THE
DRUGSTORE!

HERE'S A
PICTURE OF
THOSE BANK
ROBBERS!

WHY, THEY'RE
HOLDING THOSE
VARMINTS AT
DEADWOOD--
KIDS, YOU GOT YOUR-
SELF A REWARD!

YOU TWINS
WON AN
EXCITING
REWARD!

YOU CAN
GET LOTS OF
REWARDING
GIFTS BY SAY-
ING "POPSICLE"
BAGS WITH THE
POLKA DOTS!

Popsicle Pete

GET SWELL GIFTS...SAVE BAGS WITH POLKA DOTS!

...or any "on-a-stick" confection bag that reads: "POPSICLE PETE" & "SAVE THESE BAGS FOR GIFTS"

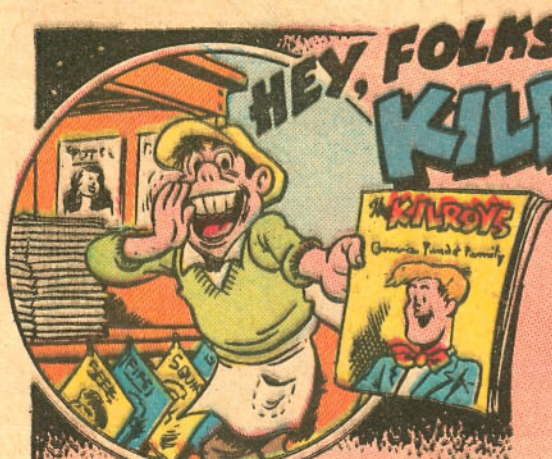
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New candid camera with view-finder. Snapshots or time exposures. 16 photos per roll. Also takes color film. Easy to work.
525 BAGS or \$1.10 & 25 BAGS

#34 STRING OF PEARLS
Exotic string of simulated pearls, 17" long with fashionable clasp.
80 BAGS or 20¢ & 10 BAGS

#5 SNAKE CHARMER RING
3 coiled snakes each with glowing eyes. A lucky charm that fits any finger.
50 BAGS or 15¢ & 10 BAGS

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HEY, FOLKS! KILROY IS HERE!

... IN THE GAYEST, GIDDIEST,
GREATEST COMICS MAGAZINE
YOU'VE EVER READ! IT'S

The KILROYS

...THAT NEW, NOVEL TEEN-AGE
FUNFEST THAT MAKES LIFE WORTH
LAFFING! IT'S The KILROYS ...
AMERICA'S FUNNIEST FAMILY!

DON'T MISS
The KILROYS

...FEATURING NATCH, THE MOST
TERRIFIC TEENSTER IN TOWN!
GET YOUR COPY NOW...AND
START HOWLING! YOU'LL LIVE
WITH KILROY...LAUGH WITH
KILROY... LOVE WITH KILROY!
IT'S ALL IN ...

The KILROYS
America's Funniest Family!



an
AMERICAN COMICS
GROUP MAGAZINE



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FEATURE
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155 other fine comfort shoes in
the 47 year old famous Mason line.

Make Big **MONEY**
From **FIRST HOUR!**

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exclusive Velvet-ez Air Cushion Insole shoes for
dress, work, sport wear! Fast relief from aching feet
brings plenty of REPEAT ORDERS!! Send post
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WE SHOW YOU HOW!

Everything you need to start furnished FREE! Who
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of successful selling all yours when you get this
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Add juicy commissions when you
sell jackets, shirts, raincoats to
men and women shoe customers.
Included in FREE OUTFIT.
Send your name, address, AGE
TODAY.



MASON **SHOE**
MFG. CO.

Dept. M-728, Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin

SLIP
ON
SLIP
OFF

Excursion Into Fear



A boat excursion is ordinarily a happy, carefree affair -- except when insidious forces are at work to make it an excursion into **FEAR!** Here's a story of sinister espionage, with the very lifeline of the democracies at stake -- and a fast-thinking, fast-slugging American to carry the ball for **OUR** side!

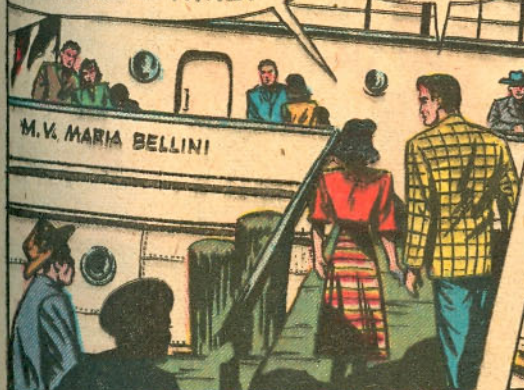
OUR CASE OPENS IN THE ITALIAN HARBOR OF OTRANTO, ON THE ADRIATIC SEA...

OH, IT'S A **WONDERFUL** DAY FOR AN EXCURSION TO THE ISLAND OF CORFU, LENNIE -- AND WE'LL HAVE A **WONDERFUL TIME!**

ALL I WANT IS A QUIET, **RESTFUL** TIME, TERRY -- WITHOUT ANY **EXCITEMENT!**

HMM -- SOMEHOW I DON'T SEEM TO BE ABLE TO RELAX, THOUGH! MAYBE IT'S BECAUSE OF THAT STRANGE, **HARD-LOOKING** GROUP OF MEN OVER THERE -- THEY LOOK MORE LIKE **ALBANIANS** OR **SLAVS** THAN **ITALIANS!**

OH, YOU **AMERICANS** -- ALWAYS LOOKING FOR **SPIES** BEHIND EVERY **BUSH!** CAN'T YOU FORGET THE **COLD WAR** FOR ONE DAY -- AND TAKE LIFE **EASY** -- THE WAY WE **ITALIANS** DO?



I GUESS I **AM** A LITTLE TOO TENSE, TERRY -- PROBABLY BEEN WORKING TOO HARD! I'VE BEEN HOPPING AROUND ALL OVER ITALY FOR THE MARSHALL PLAN PROGRAM, INSPECTING THE HARBOR SUBMARINE PENS AND INSTALLATIONS THAT THE EX-FASCIST GOVERNMENT BUILT WHEN ITALY WAS ON THE SIDE OF THE AXIS-- AND IT'S NOT AN EASY JOB, TRYING TO FIGURE OUT HOW TO CONVERT THE SUB PENS TO PEACETIME USES!



BUT LET'S NOT TALK SHOP-- ALL I'LL THINK ABOUT THE MARSHALL PLAN IS WHAT LOVELY ITALIAN SECRETARIES THEY ASSIGN US VISITING AMERICAN ENGINEERS!

GOOD! THERE'S NO REASON WHY YOU SHOULDN'T RELAX AND ENJOY YOURSELF NOW-- THOSE HARD-LOOKING MEN SEEM TO HAVE DISAPPEARED!



OH, OH! SO MY FEELINGS ABOUT YOU BIRDS TURNED OUT TO BE **RIGHT**, EH?

THEY'RE HERDING ALL THE REST OF THE EXCURSIONISTS TOGETHER AT GUNPOINT-- LOOKS AS IF IT'S UP TO **ME!** THIS BUZZARD WHO'S GOT ME COVERED WON'T BE EXPECTING ANYTHING WHEN I'M **NOT LOOKING AT HIM!**

BUT, AN HOUR LATER...

SHOTS!

YES --- AND FROM THE PILOT'S CABIN! I'D BETTER INVESTIGATE!

BANG! BANG!

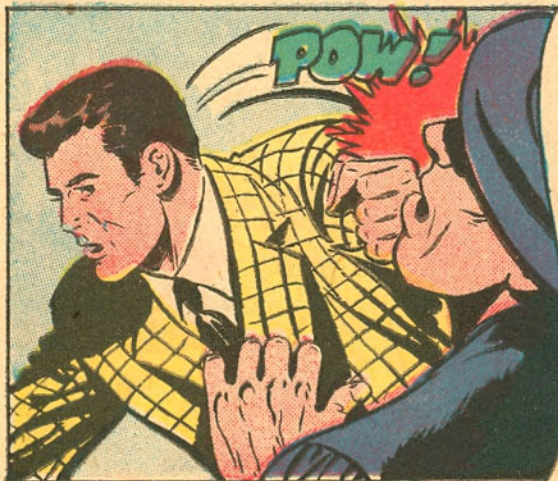


YOU GO **NOWHERE**, AMERICAN-- STAY WHERE YOU ARE!



THEN, WITH A POWERFUL BURST OF SPEED AND FORCE...

MAKE WAY FOR THE BEST BLOCKING HALFBACK MINNESOTA EVER TURNED OUT!





KILLED THE CAPTAIN, DID YOU? THERE'S A REMEDY FOR PIRATES!

IT'S THE AMERICAN! I WILL TAKE CARE OF HIM!



SO! NOW YOU CAN THROW HIM INTO THE CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS -- AND GET THE GIRL!



I OVERHEARD YOUR SUSPICIONS ABOUT US WHEN WE FIRST EMBARKED -- AND YOU WERE RIGHT! I AM COLONEL BAJRAKTARI OF THE ALBANIAN ARMY -- AND THESE ARE MEMBERS OF MY ESPIONAGE CORPS! WE HAVE BEEN SHADOWING YOU FOR SOME

BUT... BUT WHY?

TIME -- AND THIS EXCURSION WAS THE PERFECT OPPORTUNITY TO KIDNAP YOU!



BECAUSE WE KNOW YOU ARE LEONARD CUMMINGS, AMERICAN TOP ENGINEER ON SUBMARINE INSTALLATIONS -- AND BECAUSE WE ARE HAVING DIFFICULTIES IN BUILDING OUR NEW SUBMARINE BASE IN VALONA BAY -- TO BE GUARDED BY THE IMPREGNABLE ISLAND

BUT WHY SHOULD A SMALL COUNTRY LIKE ALBANIA WANT SUBS? YOUR RED PUPPET GOVERNMENT MUST HAVE BEEN ORDERED TO BUILD THE BASE BY YOUR REAL RULERS -- BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN!



YES, AND ONCE THE BASE AND ITS FORTIFICATIONS ARE COMPLETE, IT WILL BE IMPREGNABLE -- AND WILL BE OF GREAT HELP IN WINNING THE HOT WAR WHEN IT FINALLY BREAKS OUT! THE VALONA SUBMARINE BASE WILL BE VITAL IN THE RED VICTORY OVER THE WEST -- AND YOU SHALL TELL US HOW TO OVERCOME THE TECHNICAL DIFFICULTIES THAT CONFRONT US IN BUILDING THE INSTALLATIONS!



THERE'S NOTHING IN THE WORLD THAT WOULD MAKE ME HELP YOU!

NO? WE WILL SEE ABOUT THAT -- START IN ON HER!



OH -- MY ARM! LEONARD -- DON'T -- DON'T GIVE IN TO THEM!

YOU DIRTY BRUTES!



HELP!

LET
HER
GO!

I'LL DO
ANYTHING
YOU SAY!

GOOD--
RELEASE
THE GIRL!

YOU WILL NOT
REGRET YOUR
DECISION---
BECAUSE
YOU WILL BOTH
BE FREE TO
RETURN TO
ITALY AFTER
YOU COMPLETE
THIS JOB!



LATER, AFTER THE 50-MILE
TRIP ACROSS THE STRAITS
OF OTRANTO...

AH, WE ARE ABREAST OF
SASSENÒ ISLAND! BRING
THE AMERICAN OVER HERE---
SO HE CAN SEE FOR HIM-
SELF THE HEAVILY-ARMED
FORTRESS THAT GUARDS
VALONA BAY--AND OUR
FUTURE SUBMARINE
BASE!



GREAT SCOTT! THAT PLACE IS
A FORTRESS---AND THOSE
BATTERIES OF ANTI-AIRCRAFT
GUNS WOULD MAKE A SUB-
MARINE BASE IN THE BAY
IMPREGNABLE! AND IF I
HELPED THEM BUILD THAT
BASE, I'D BE CAUSING
INCALCULABLE
HARM TO ALL THE
DEMOCRACIES!



AND THEN---THE TOWN OF VALONA!

YOU WILL BE WELL TAKEN
CARE OF HERE---YOU WILL
BOTH HAVE THE BEST
CELLS IN THE LOCAL
PRISON!

HMMM! I WONDER
WHETHER THOSE
PEASANTS ARE STARING
SO SULLENLY AT US, OR
AT THE RED SECRET
POLICE! I'D GIVE A LOT
TO KNOW HOW MUCH OF
A RESISTANCE MOVEMENT
THERE IS AGAINST
THE RED ALBANIAN
GOVERNMENT!



NEXT MORNING...

THERE IS THE
HARBOR--AND OUR
PROBLEM! IT IS A PERFECT
PORT FOR SUBMARINE
PENS--BUT WHENEVER
WE BUILD ANY HEAVY
INSTALLATIONS IN THE
HARBOR, THEY BEGIN
TO SLIP AND GRADUALLY
SINK INTO THE BAY!

THIS PART OF
THE COAST IS A
LIMESTONE AREA--
AND LIMESTONE
IS ONE OF THE
SOFTEST KNOWN
ROCKS!
I WONDER...



I THINK I CAN
HELP YOU---BUT
I'LL HAVE TO LOOK
AROUND AND MAKE
SOME TESTS OF
THE AREA
FIRST!

VERY WELL--WE WILL
SUPPLY YOU WITH ALL
THE EQUIPMENT
YOU NEED!



YOU ARE GARDENERS,
NO? YOU WILL PLANT
SCRUB OAKS HERE?
I LIKE SCRUB
OAKS!

YOU SIMPERING
PEASANT--GET
AWAY FROM
HERE!

YOU LIKE SCRUB OAKS ---
YOU WILL HELP PLANT
SCRUB OAKS IN ALBANIA?
I AND MY PEOPLE ---
WE ALL LIKE
SCRUB OAKS!

GUARD -- STOP HIS
IDIOT'S BABBLE --- DRIVE
HIM AWAY SO THAT HE'LL
KNOW NOT TO BOTHER
THE RED SECRET POLICE
AGAIN!



THEY'RE WORSE
THAN BRUTES ---
TREATING THEIR
OWN COUNTRY-
MEN LIKE
HERE
CATTLE!

DON'T LOOK SO SHOCKED,
MY FRIEND --- WE HAVE
SHOT DISOBEDIENT
PEASANTS FOR EVEN LESSER
OFFENSES --- WE MUST SHOW
THEM THAT **WE** ARE THEIR
MASTERS! AND NOW --- **BACK
TO YOUR WORK!**



THE WORD FOR MEDITERRANEAN
SCRUB OAK IS **MAQUIS** --- THE
NAME GIVEN TO THE FRENCH
RESISTANCE MOVEMENT DURING
THE WAR! THAT MAN WAS TRYING
TO TELL ME HE'S A MEMBER OF
THE ANTI-RED ALBANIAN
**UNDER-
GROUND!**



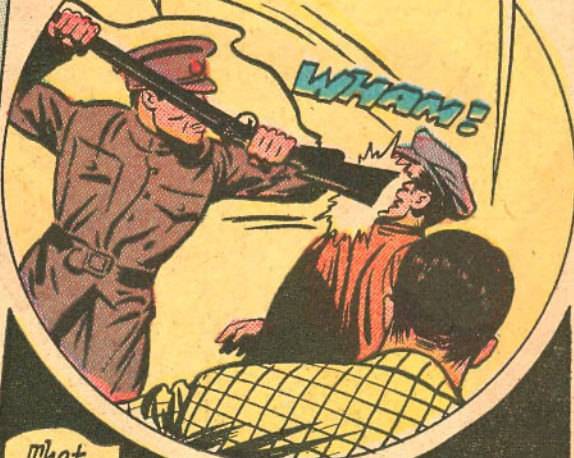
NEXT DAY...

I WAS RIGHT
ABOUT ALL THESE SEA-
CLIFFS BEING LIMESTONE!
SAY --- THERE'S THAT
LITTLE GUY AGAIN --- AND
IT LOOKS AS IF HE'S
PLACING SOMETHING
**UNDER THAT
ROCK!**



AWAY ---
PIG!

NO --- **DON'T!**



That
night...

THAT POOR LITTLE MAN WHO
GOT HIS FACE BASHED IN TODAY ---
I CAN'T FORGET HIM! THERE WAS
SOMETHING ABOUT THE WAY HE SAID
SCRUB OAKS THAT HINTED THERE
WAS MORE MEANING TO IT ---
WAIT ---!



HE WENT AWAY ---
I'VE GOT TO
FIND OUT WHAT
HE LEFT
THERE!

I'M
GOING
OVER TO
INSPECT THAT
ROCK OUTCROP ---
I'LL BE RIGHT
BACK!

GO --- WE
WILL
FOLLOW
YOU!





HE LEFT A SMALL PACKAGE --- HOPE THE GUARDS CAN'T SEE ME PUTTING IT INSIDE MY JACKET! I'LL OPEN IT IN MY CELL TONIGHT!



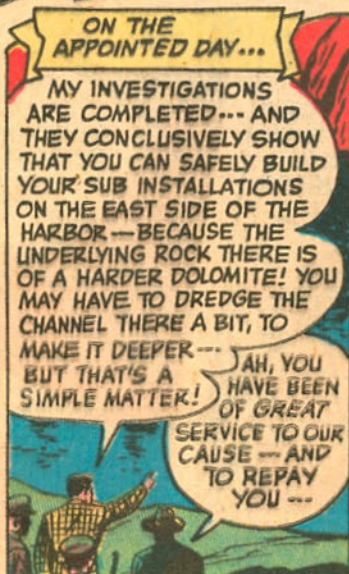
THAT NIGHT...

A PISTOL! AND THERE'S A NOTE!



I'LL BE READY, SCRUB OAK --- I'LL BE READY!

BE REDDY ON NITE OF DARK OF MOON --- WE WILL TRI TO RESKUE YOU AND GIRL --- SCRUB OAK --- PLEASEX EXKUSE SPELLING---I SPEEL ENGLISH BUT NOT RITE IT SO WELL.



ON THE APPOINTED DAY...

MY INVESTIGATIONS ARE COMPLETED--- AND THEY CONCLUSIVELY SHOW THAT YOU CAN SAFELY BUILD YOUR SUB INSTALLATIONS ON THE EAST SIDE OF THE HARBOR--- BECAUSE THE UNDERLYING ROCK THERE IS OF A HARDER DOLOMITE! YOU MAY HAVE TO DREDGE THE CHANNEL THERE A BIT, TO MAKE IT DEEPER--- BUT THAT'S A SIMPLE MATTER!

AH, YOU HAVE BEEN OF GREAT SERVICE TO OUR CAUSE --- AND TO REPAY YOU ---



I WILL HAVE YOU FLUNG BACK INTO YOUR CELL! SEIZE HIM! WE CANNOT ALLOW YOU TO RETURN TO ITALY AND SPREAD THE WORD OF OUR NEW SUBMARINE BASE--- YOU WILL DIE IN ALBANIA!

WHY, YOU LYING, TREACHEROUS--



THAT NIGHT, IN THE DARK OF THE MOON, FROM ALL THE SURROUNDING MOUNTAINS, SHADOWY FIGURES DESCEND LIKE AVENGING SPIRITS--- HEAVILY-ARMED PARTISANS --- **ALBANIA'S FIGHTERS FOR FREEDOM!**

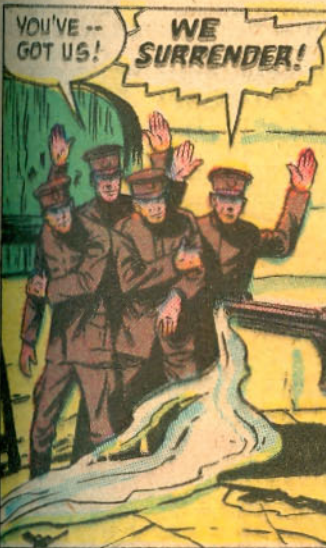
ON --- ON TO VALONA!



AND, JUST BEFORE DAWN...

DEATH TO THE RED TYRANTS!

BANG! BANG! BANG!



YES, THEY FORCE US TO FLEE FOR OUR LIVES --- BUT THERE WILL COME A DAY WHEN THE PEOPLE WILL RISE UP IN THEIR WRATH AND **FORCE THE OPPRESSORS TO FLEE!**



BUT HERE IN THE GRIVA MOUNTAINS, WHERE NOT EVEN HORSES CAN CLIMB THE STEEP, WOODED SLOPES, THE RED TROOPS WOULD NOT DARE PURSUE US--- THEY WOULD RISK AN AMBUSH AT EVERY TURN! YOU WILL BOTH BE SAFE HERE!

YOUR HOSPITALITY IS GENEROUS, SCRUB OAK! BUT WE WOULDN'T WANT TO STAY HERE FOREVER---NOT WITHOUT TRYING TO PREVENT THE REDS FROM BUILDING THOSE DEADLY SUB PENS!



WELL, YOU CAN STAY AS LONG AS YOU LIKE HERE AT OUR HEADQUARTERS--- BY THE RUSHING WATERS OF THE RIVER--THAT IS-- SWALLOWED-UP-IN-- THE-GROUND!

WH-WHY, THAT... THAT MUST BE AN UNDERGROUND RIVER--EMPTYING OUT INTO THE SEA!



I HAD A HUNCH THERE'D BE SOMETHING LIKE THIS IN THE MOUNTAINS ABOVE VALONA BAY! ALMOST EVERY LIMESTONE AREA IS INFESTED WITH **SWALLOW-HOLES, SINKS, POTHLES, AND UNDERGROUND RIVERS**--- BECAUSE LIMESTONE IS CARBONATE OF LIME---AND DISSOLVES IN WATER!



MY INVESTIGATIONS IN VALONA BAY INDICATED THAT THERE WAS A HUGE SINK AND SWALLOW-HOLE NEAR THE EAST WALL OF THE HARBOR ---AND THAT'S PROBABLY WHERE THE UNDERGROUND RIVER EMPTIES OUT! AND IF I'M RIGHT, SCRUB OAK, ALL WILL YET BE WELL --- SEND YOUR MOST TRUSTED SPIES INTO VALONA TO REPORT WHEN THE SUBMARINE INSTALLATIONS ARE ALMOST COMPLETED ---AND MEANWHILE, START COLLECTING ALL THE DYNAMITE YOU CAN FROM THE PARTISAN GROUPS!



THE WEEKS PASS SWIFTLY AND, FINALLY...

MY SPIES REPORT THAT THE REDS HAVE BEEN WORKING DAY AND NIGHT WITH THOUSANDS OF FORCED LABORERS TO COMPLETE THE HEAVY STEEL SUBMARINE INSTALLATIONS! THEY ARE ALMOST FINISHED--- AND ARE BEGINNING TO DREDGE THE EAST HARBOR TO MAKE ROOM FOR THE SUBS!

NOW THAT WE'VE COLLECTED MORE THAN ENOUGH DYNAMITE, WE MAKE **OUR MOVE -- AT DAWN!**



THAT NIGHT, FROM OUT OF THE MOUNTAIN FASTNESSES, ALBANIA'S COURAGEOUS PARTISANS DESCEND AGAIN - TO STRIKE ONE MORE BLOW IN THE NEVER-CEASING WAR AGAINST TYRANNY!



COME ON! GIVE THEM EVERY THING YOU'VE GOT!

SOUND THE ALARM!



THERE--NOW I'M REVENGED FOR THE RIFLE-BUTT IN MY FACE!

WE'VE GOT 'EM ON THE RUN -- PUSH THEM BACK INTO THE BAY!



MOMENTS LATER, THE BRIEF BUT BLOODY BATTLE IS OVER!

THAT'S IT -- LOWER THAT WATER-TIGHT CYLINDER INTO THE BOAT GENTLY -- IT'S PACKED TO THE BRIM WITH TNT!

HURRY! I MYSELF WILL ACCOMPANY YOU AND I'LL GUIDE YOU OUT TO THE SCHOONER WHICH MY MEN STOLE FROM THE HARBOR -- AND WHICH WILL TAKE YOU BACK TO ITALY!



THIS IS THE RIGHT SPOT -- IN FRONT OF THE EAST WALL OF THE HARBOR -- JUST WHERE THEY WERE DREDGING! LET'S LOWER THE CYLINDER CAREFULLY!

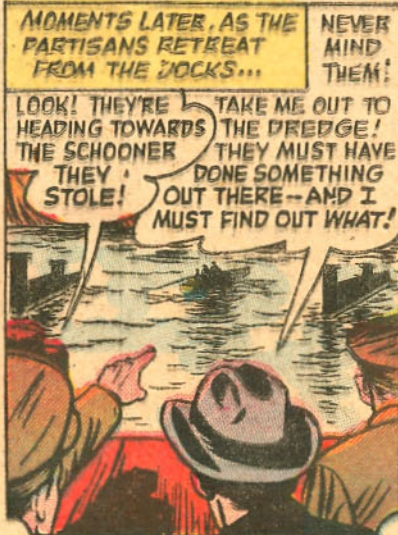
EVERYTHING'S SET - I'VE GOT THE COIL OF DETONATING WIRE!

MOMENTS LATER, AS THE PARTISANS RETREAT FROM THE DOCKS...

NEVER MIND THEM!

LOOK! THEY'RE HEADING TOWARDS THE SCHOONER THEY STOLE!

TAKE ME OUT TO THE DREDGE! THEY MUST HAVE DONE SOMETHING OUT THERE -- AND I MUST FIND OUT WHAT!



BON VOYAGE, MY FRIENDS! MAY FREEDOM SMILE ON YOU!

AND UPON ALBANIA! FAREWELL, SCRUB OAK -- AND THANKS!





THIS IS THE SPOT WHERE THEY WERE-- BUT I SEE NOTHING SUSPICIOUS!

WE HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR FROM THE FOOLS!

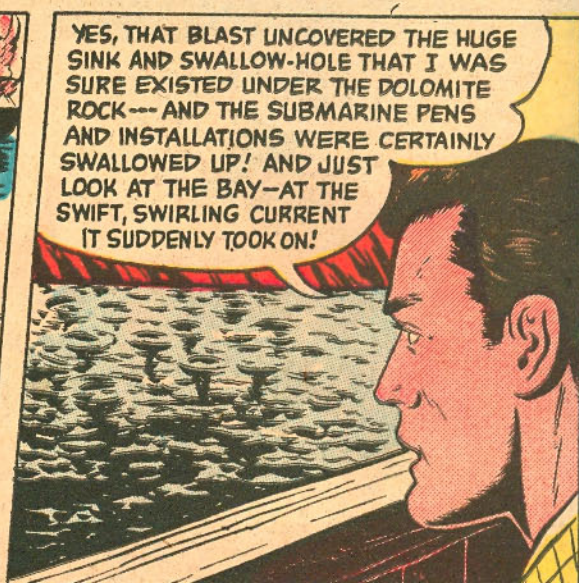


AT THAT MOMENT...

WELL-- HERE GOES-- FOR DEMOCRACY-- AND FOR A FREE ALBANIA!



LENNIE -- LOOK! THE SUBMARINE INSTALLATIONS-- THEY'RE ALL SINKING INTO THE BAY!



YES, THAT BLAST UNCOVERED THE HUGE SINK AND SWALLOW-HOLE THAT I WAS SURE EXISTED UNDER THE DOLOMITE ROCK--- AND THE SUBMARINE PENS AND INSTALLATIONS WERE CERTAINLY SWALLOWED UP! AND JUST LOOK AT THE BAY--AT THE SWIFT, SWIRLING CURRENT IT SUDDENLY TOOK ON!



THE DYNAMITE ALSO UNCOVERED THAT UNDERGROUND RIVER-- AND NOW THE WHOLE HARBOR WILL BE PERMANENTLY UNUSABLE FOR SUBMARINES BECAUSE OF THE SWIFTNESS OF THE NEW CURRENT! THE REPS WILL NEVER BE ABLE TO USE VALONA AS A SUBMARINE BASE AGAINST THE DEMOCRACIES!

HOURS LATER ... BACK ON ITALIAN SOIL ...

WELL, THAT'S THAT! BUT I'M AFRAID IT WASN'T VERY MUCH OF A QUIET, RESTFUL HOLIDAY FOR YOU, WAS IT, LENNIE?

WHO CARES ABOUT REST-- WHEN WE'VE DONE OUR SHARE TOWARDS MAKING THIS WORLD A BETTER, HAPPIER PLACE IN WHICH TO LIVE!



THE END

"U.S." ROYAL

WITH HIS
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



"BEATING THE
BEACH BARRAGE"



U.S. ROYAL
AND THE
BIKE CLUB
BOYS WATCH
FROM A SAFE
DISTANCE AS
A GROUP OF
NAVY
DESTROYERS
AND
CRUISERS
STEAM IN FOR
FIRING
PRACTICE...



IN A FEW MOMENTS NOW,
THE SHIPS WILL MOVE IN
AT FLANK SPEED AND LAY
DOWN A BARRAGE ON
THAT DESERTED SHORE...

BUT SUDDENLY, THROUGH HIS GLASSES,
ROYAL SEES THAT THE SHORE IS
NOT QUITE DESERTED!



YOU FELLAS BIKE BACK TO THE
NAVAL STATION FAST AND GET
THEM TO WARN THOSE SHIPS!
I'M GOING AFTER THAT KID
IN THE
MEANTIME...



WITH SUPER JET-SPEED, ROYAL
STREAKS DOWN TO THE TARGET
AREA AND --



PHEWW! LUCKY FOR US I MADE
IT, JUNIOR-- 'CAUSE IT LOOKS
LIKE THE BOYS WERE
TOO LATE!



JUST AS WE
GOT TO THE
RADIO-ROOM,
WE HEARD THE
FIRST SALVO!

YOU DID ALL
RIGHT, BOYS... AND
A TERRIBLE TRAGEDY
WAS AVOIDED --
THANKS
TO ROYAL!

ROYAL BIKE TIRES,
YOU MEAN... THAT'S
WHERE THE SPEED
CAME IN!



FELLAS, FOR REAL SPEED, YOU
WANT A TIRE THAT COMBINES
SAFETY AND EASY PEDALING. TRY
U.S. ROYALS, WITH THE SPECIAL
BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN. THERE'S
EXTRA MILEAGE IN
THEM, TOO!



SPLIT-SECOND STOPS...
FIRM FOOTING... AND PERFECT
CONTROL ARE AT YOUR FOOT-
TIPS WHEN YOU'RE RIDING ON
U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES, WITH
THE SPECIAL BUILT-IN SKID
CHAIN. BE SURE YOUR NEXT
TIRES ARE ROYALS!



U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES



Products of
UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY

TAPS for SPIES

CHET MASTERSON, NIGHT watchman at the Defense Department's newest secret laboratory, made his rounds of the plant on silent feet, silent because of the rubber sneakers he was wearing. Chet grinned wryly as he looked down at the sneakers and remembered why he had to wear them--and then an inferno of red pain seemed to explode inside his head.

The man who had stepped out of the shadows to slam the blackjack down on Chet's skull now pocketed the blackjack and aimed his pistol, with silencer attached, at the watchman's unconscious figure lying there on the steel floor of the corridor. But another man emerged from the shadows to push the gun away, saying, "No, Klamood--no gunplay! Don't you remember what we were told about the new *super-rippite* high-explosive this laboratory makes? It's a very touchy explosive, and the slightest spark will set off the *super-rippite* dust in the air! Here--let me use my knife on this dog of a watchman!"

The second man knelt swiftly at Chet's side. Klamood, watching, grinned as the body stiffened convulsively, and then he said, "Well done, Karnil! You were right. We will have to be very careful here--you can even smell the *super-rippite* dust in the air! Now get this dog's keys, and we'll soon have the formula for this new high-explosive. When the time is right, it will be used against the inventors, against *all America!*"

Karnil bent to get Chet's safe-keys and then the two spies walked down the corridor, towards the inner lab, the taps on their heels making sharp clicking sounds against the steel floor.

Dimly, through the thick insulating layers of semi-consciousness, a part of Chet's agonized brain heard the sound of their footsteps, and a message seemed to pound in his mind: "*Wake up...wake up...you're not dead yet! There's still something you can do to stop them--even though it's sheer agony to move--even though you're bleeding to death!*"

With almost superhuman will and grit, Chet's body responded to that whispered voice in his brain. Slowly, slowly, he began raising his head, feeling the blood flowing from the wound in his back, enduring the unbearable pain, resisting the impulse to sink back into blank unconsciousness. And then he heard it again, the *click-clack* of the footsteps along the long steel corridor. He realized that only one thing could make that sound--*steel taps* on their shoes!

Chet knew he would be dead in a few more minutes from the terribly deep knife wound--but at least he could still take those two spies with him, and prevent the secret of *super-rippite* from falling into a potential enemy's hands. If he could only make them run...make them *run!*

"Ah, now that formula is ours," Klamood's voice echoed down the long steel corridor. "We can--*Karnil!* Look! The watchman is alive yet--he's reaching for that alarm buzzer on the wall! We've got to stop him...*RUN!*"

As the two spies raced towards Chet at top speed, sparks flew from the contact between their steel taps and the steel floor--sparks that a moment later exploded the *super-rippite* dust in the air and blew the spies into smithereens, as the dying watchman had foreseen.

SUBWAY SABOTAGE

LOOK WELL AT THIS MAN--THIS HANS KRESSSEL--THIS ONE-TIME NAZI SABOTEUR! HIS EYES ARE VACANT AND STARING, HIS MIND CUT OFF FROM THE PAST BY AMNESIA! BUT SOMEWHERE IN THE RECESSES OF THAT CLOUDED BRAIN LIES A TERRIBLE SECRET--A SECRET VITAL TO AMERICAN SECURITY! THAT'S WHY CRACK F.B.I. AGENTS GUARD HIM DAY AND NIGHT IN A SECLUDED NEW YORK HOSPITAL!-- FOR MANY LONG WEEKS, JERRY MAXWELL, COUNTER-ESPIONAGE ACE, HAS BEEN ASSIGNED TO THE CASE! BUT NOW, AT LAST, HE IS BEING RELIEVED...

THERE HE IS, PAUL! I CAN'T SAY I'M SORRY TO TURN MY JOB OVER TO YOU ...YOU'VE BEEN COMPLETELY BRIEFED ON KRESSSEL?

ALL I WAS TOLD, JERRY, WAS THAT DURING THE WAR HE WAS A NAZI SPY AND HE PLANTED A BIG CHARGE OF EXPLOSIVES SOMEWHERE IN THE U.S.! BUT BEFORE HE COULD DETONATE IT, HE GOT CONKED ON THE HEAD AND LOST HIS MEMORY!

MORT DRUCKER

SINCE THEN HE'S BEEN IN THIS HOSPITAL WHILE THE DOCS HAVE TRIED EVERYTHING TO STIR UP HIS MEMORY --AND GOT NO-- WHERE!

THAT'S ABOUT THE SIZE OF IT! WE STILL HAVEN'T THE FAINTEST IDEA WHERE THE STUFF IS! THE DANGER IS THAT CERTAIN PEOPLE MIGHT FIND IT AND TOUCH THE BLAST OFF!

AND THE COMRADES WOULD BE JUST THE BABIES TO DO IT, TOO!

EXACTLY! SO WATCH KRESSSEL LIKE A HAWK-- DON'T LET ANY STRANGERS NEAR HIM! IF OUR ENEMIES FIGURED OUT A WAY TO CLEAR UP HIS AMNESIA AND MAKE HIM TALK-- WE'D BE IN REAL DANGER!

BROTHER, AM I GLAD TO GET AWAY FROM HERE! THAT KRESSEL GIVES ME THE **CREEPS!** FROM NOW ON, HE'S GOING TO BE FORGOTTEN MAN NUMBER ONE AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED!



MEANWHILE--IN FAR-AWAY BERLIN, THE SHADOWY FIGURE OF A PRETTY GIRL SLIPS UN-NOTICED ACROSS THE BORDER SEPARATING THE SOVIET ZONE FROM THE WEST!



AND AT A NEARBY AIRPORT--

RUN ALONG, DARLING, OR YOU'LL BE LATE! I'LL WIRE YOU AS SOON AS THE PLANE LANDS IN NEW YORK!



'BYE, HONEY!

SHE IS BLONDE AND NOT TOO UN-LIKE ME--AND I **MUST** GET TO THE U.S.A. QUICKLY!--



A FEW MINUTES LATER, IN A DESERTED TOOL SHED--

THAT'S RIGHT! YOU'LL CHANGE CLOTHES WITH ME--AND NOT A WORD!

YOU CAN'T DO THIS! YOU-- YOU--



AIRPLANE TICKET AND IDENTIFICATION--**GOOD!** YOU WILL BE FOUND TOMORROW MORNING WHEN THE WORKMEN COME, MISS WINTERS--AND MEANWHILE--**I'LL BE ON MY WAY TO AMERICA!**



I TRUST YOU HAVE AN ENJOYABLE TRIP, MISS WINTERS!

SO DO I!



HOURS LATER--ACROSS THE ATLANTIC,
SPEEDING CLOSER AND CLOSER---

WE'VE ALMOST
REACHED **NEW
YORK!**



SUDDENLY--

RADIO SAID THAT A GIRL
WAS FOUND IN BERLIN,
BOUND AND GAGGED-- AND
SHE SAYS THAT **SHE'S**
MAUD WINTERS--WHICH
WOULD MEAN YOU'RE
AN **IMPOSTOR!**

BUT...BUT
THAT IS
RIDICULOUS!



SURE--SHE'S PROBABLY
SOME FRAULEIN TRYING
TO TRICK OUR OFFICIALS
INTO LETTING HER COME
HERE! YOU'LL HAVE NO
TROUBLE EXPLAINING TO
THE POLICE
WHEN WE
LAND!

**THE POLICE!
NO!**



YOU, STEWARDESS!
BREAK OUT A
PARACHUTE--FAST!



STOP, YOU
LITTLE FOOL!



MEANWHILE, F.B.I. AGENT JERRY
MAXWELL DRIVES LEISURELY THROUGH
THE CONNECTICUT COUNTRYSIDE---

THIS
IS THE
LIFE!



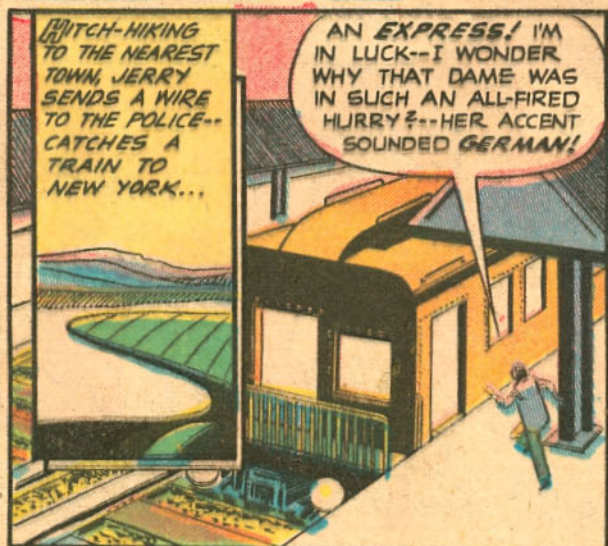
HEY! LOOKS LIKE YOU
NEED HELP, FELLOW!



DID I SAY FELLOW?
HOW COULD I HAVE
MADE **THAT** MISTAKE?

HELP ME
DOWN,
PLEASE!





A GIRL CAME HERE ASKING FOR HANS KRESSEL! SHE'D JUST STARTED TO EXPLAIN WHY SHE WANTED TO SEE HIM--WHEN **FOUR GUNMEN** CHARGED IN! THEY PLUGGED ME, GRABBED KRESSEL AND BEAT IT, TAKING THE BLONDE WITH 'EM!

DID YOU SAY--A **BLONDE?**

BACK AT HIS OFFICE--

I'LL BET THAT BLONDE WAS **WORKING WITH THE KIDNAPPERS--** PURPOSELY DIVERTED PAUL, WHILE THEY SNATCHED KRESSEL! NOW IF ONLY I COULD TRACK **HER** DOWN--I COULD FIND--

MR. MAXWELL! I'M SORRY--TO BUTT IN THIS WAY--

YOU!

I **MUST** TALK TO YOU--ABOUT MY **UNCLE, HANS KRESSEL!**

HE'S-- **YOUR UNCLE?** YES! IN THE SOVIET ZONE OF BERLIN, I HEARD THAT THE REDS WERE SENDING AGENTS TO SEIZE HIM--MAKE HIM TELL WHERE HE HID THE **EXPLOSIVES!**

I WAS AFRAID TO GO TO THE AMERICAN AUTHORITIES, AFRAID THEY WOULD NOT BELIEVE ME! SO, I--AH--GOT HERE THE QUICKEST WAY!--AND WHEN I T--TOOK YOUR CAR, I DISCOVERED A LETTER IN IT--SAYING **YOU WERE AN F.B.I. AGENT!**

YOUR STORY STACKS UP, HONEY--AS A **STORY!** HOW COME YOU TIMED YOUR ARRIVAL AT THE HOSPITAL TO COINCIDE WITH THE KIDNAPPERS--AND WHY'D YOU LEAVE WITH THEM?

"BUT I DID NOT KNOW THEY WOULD COME THEN! I-- WAS JUST EXPLAINING TO MY UNCLE'S GUARD--WHEN THEY RUSHED IN..."

TAKE THE GIRL ALONG --SHE KNOWS TOO MUCH! WE'LL GET RID OF HER LATER!

I WAS FORCED INTO A CAR WITH MY UNCLE! AND AT A QUIET SPOT--

FINISH HER, IGOR--
THEN JOIN US AT
THE BLACKSMITH'S
SHOP!



**"IN MY STRUGGLE WITH MY EXECUTIONER,
HIS GUN WENT OFF--AND GOT HIM!
THEN I RUSHED HERE--"**



SAY YOUR STORY IS
TRUE--SAY I BELIEVE
EVERY WORD OF IT!
BUT HOW CAN THOSE
REDS MAKE KRESSSEL
TELL WHERE THE EX-
PLOSIONS ARE, WHEN **WE**
HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO GET
A WORD OUT OF HIM?



A SCIENTIST IS
WITH THEM--WITH
A NEW, SECRET
DRUG THAT RESTORES
MEMORY! AND THEY
ALREADY KNOW
FROM CAPTURED
NAZI DOCUMENTS
THAT THE CHARGE
IS SECRETED
SOMEWHERE
HERE--IN
NEW YORK
CITY!

IN
NEW
YORK!

YES, AND POWER-
FUL ENOUGH TO
BLAST THE WHOLE
PLACE OFF THE
MAP! THEY'LL
DETONATE IT,
MR. MAXWELL!
WE'VE GOT TO
STOP THEM!



BUT HOW? IF WE ONLY HAD
SOME CLUE--WAIT! YOU
SAID THE SPY ASSIGNED TO
KILL YOU WAS GOING TO
MEET THEM AT A **BLACK-
SMITH'S SHOP?**

YES--

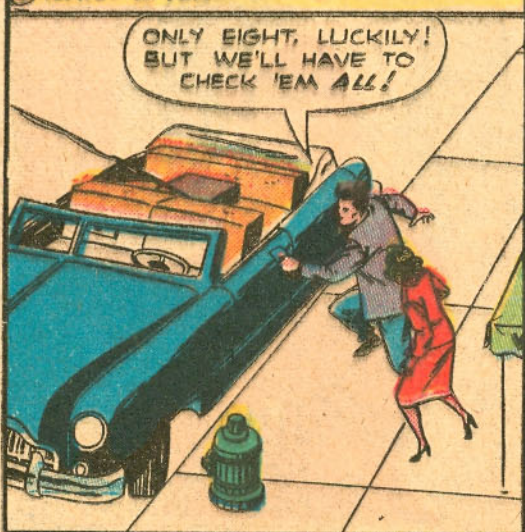


THERE CAN'T BE MANY
IN NEW YORK--**MISS JONES!**
GET ME A LIST OF ALL THE
BLACKSMITH SHOPS IN
NEW YORK! **HURRY!**



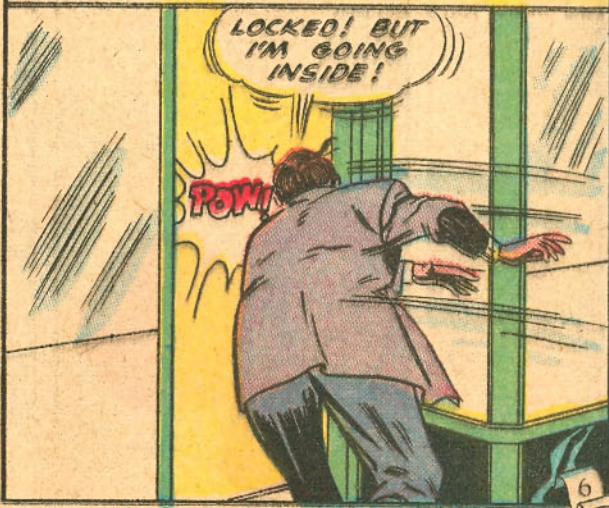
SHORTLY AFTER--

ONLY EIGHT, LUCKILY!
BUT WE'LL HAVE TO
CHECK 'EM ALL!



**THE FIRST FOUR BLACKSMITH SHOPS VISITED ARE
QUICKLY CROSSED OFF THE LIST! THEN--**

LOCKED! BUT
I'M GOING
INSIDE!





IT'S--KRESSSEL!



UNCLE HANS!
IT'S YOUR
NIECE,
MARLENE!

DID THEY
MAKE YOU
REMEMBER
WHERE YOU
HID THE EX-
PLOSIONS?
DID YOU
TELL 'EM?

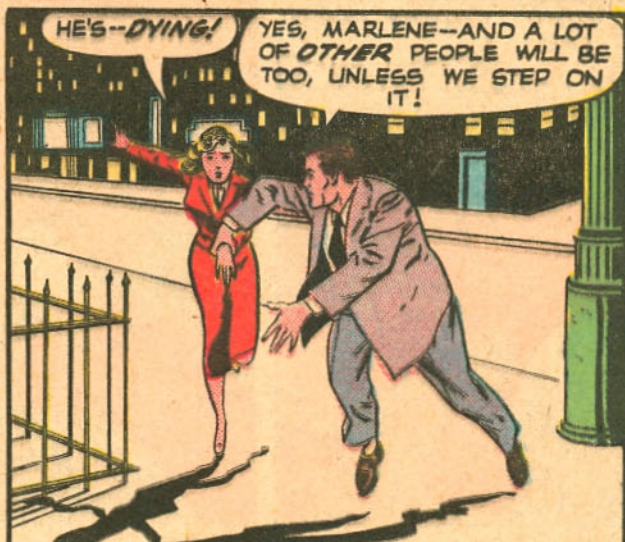


THEY--PUT A NEEDLE IN MY ARM
--AND SUDDENLY--MY BRAIN
CLEARED! THEY SAID THEY WERE
NAZIS--THAT I MUST TELL THEM
--WHERE I HID THE EXPLOSIVES!
IT WAS--**REVENGE**, THEY
SAID! I TOLD THEM--AND
THEN--THEY SHOT ME--

WHERE WERE THOSE
EXPLOSIVES HIDDEN?
**YOU'VE GOT TO TELL
US--HURRY!**

MUSTERING HIS LAST REMAINING STRENGTH,
HANS KRESSSEL SHAKILY DRAWS A MAP--

THERE--IN AN UNUSED
SUBWAY SPUR--UNDER
TIMES SQUARE!



HE'S--**DYING!**

YES, MARLENE--AND A LOT
OF **OTHER** PEOPLE WILL BE
TOO, UNLESS WE STEP ON
IT!



AT TIMES SQUARE--

WE WOULD HIT THE
FIVE O'CLOCK RUSH!



MUST BE CROOKS MAKING A GETAWAY--
**CALL THE
COPS!**

THIS WAY, MARLENE
--BUT WATCH THE
THIRD RAIL! IF YOU
TOUCH IT, YOU'LL BE
ELECTROCUTED!

SUBWAY
TRAIN COMES
ALONG!

MEANWHILE, IN A MURKY, LONG-UNUSED TUNNEL WHICH BRANCHES OFF THE MAIN SUBWAY LINE--

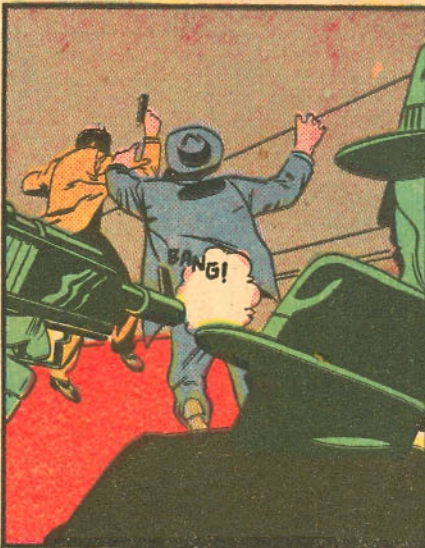
THE FUSE WILL TAKE HALF AN HOUR TO REACH THE EXPLOSIVES--TIME ENOUGH FOR US TO REACH SAFETY IN JERSEY, IF WE RUSH!

FROM THERE, WE CAN WATCH NEW YORK BLOWN SKY-HIGH!

THIS MUST BE THE TUNNEL YOUR UNCLE MEANT!--WHEW! WE GOT OFF THE MAIN LINE JUST IN TIME!

THERE THEY ARE!

STOP! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!



THE FUSE--THEY'LL PUT IT OUT! BUT THERE'LL STILL BE AN EXPLOSION--IF I CAN JUST--

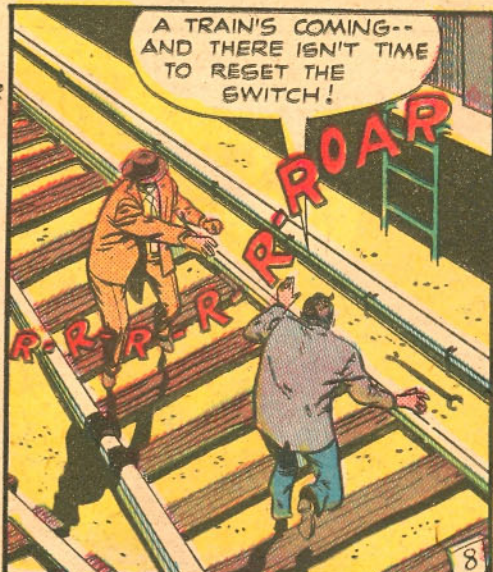
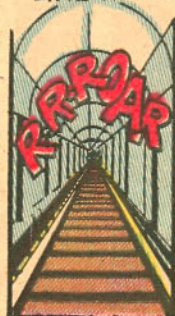


HE'S THROWING A SWITCH! THE NEXT TRAIN WILL SHOOT INTO THIS TUNNEL INSTEAD OF GOING UP THE MAIN LINE!

RIGHT! AND WHEN IT PLOUGHS INTO THE EXPLOSIVES, THEY'LL DETONATE! YOUR CITY IS DOOMED!

SUDDENLY-- THE THUNDER OF AN EXPRESS TRAIN, SPEEDING UP THE MAIN LINE!

A TRAIN'S COMING-- AND THERE ISN'T TIME TO RESET THE SWITCH!





JUST AS THE SUBWAY TRAIN
CROSSES THE SWITCH, AND
ROARS ALONG THE RAILS OF
THE LONG UNUSED TUNNEL,
JERRY THROWS THE IRON
BAR!



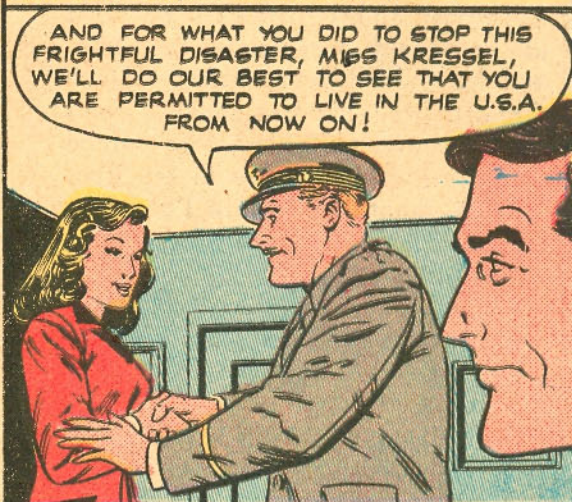
IT LANDS--ONE END ACROSS
THE THIRD RAIL, THE OTHER
END ON A RAIL OF TRACK! A
BLINDING FLASH, AS THE
SECTION OF THE SUBWAY LINE
IS SHORT-CIRCUITED!



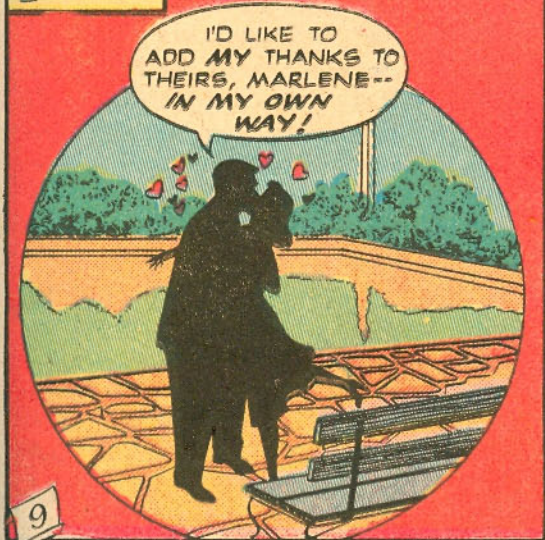
WITHIN FEET OF THE STACKED EXPLOSIVES--



THE NEXT DAY, IN WASHINGTON, D.C.--



LATER--



The End

STUNG!

PROFESSOR J. ALBERT Oppdycker lifted his white-haired head from the book he was reading, and looked up in shocked amazement at the man who stood in the doorway of the study, aiming a gun at him.

"Who are you?" the professor demanded. "Who let you into my house?"

The gunman glanced nervously about the room before he replied, "You can just call me Agent X, if you like. And it was your butler who let me in---but he'll never let anyone else in again, because I slit his throat!"

The man's shifty eyes caught sight of the whisky decanter on the table, and he walked over swiftly to grab the bottle with his free hand. "Don't make a move, professor," he warned as he raised the bottle to his lips. "I can shoot even while I'm drinking---and there's no one else in your house to hear the shot!"

His eyes narrowing in thought, the professor watched the gunman take a long swallow from the bottle. "You're frightened," the professor said. "You're drinking to keep up your courage. You wouldn't dare shoot me!"

The man took another long swig of whisky before he put the bottle down and glared at the professor with slightly bleary eyes. "Shut up!" he ordered. "I drink because I *like* it---not because I'm afraid! Your butler wasn't the first man I killed, and he won't be the last! But you're next on my list---unless you give me those hydrogen bomb notes everyone knows you kept while you were working for the government. I can get plenty from a certain foreign government for them---and I won't hesitate a minute to kill you if you don't tell me where you keep them."

The professor shrugged and got up from his chair. "Very well. I keep them hidden in the apiary. Come,

I'll show you."

"Wait a minute---your whisky's pretty good. Think I'll take another swig before we go out."

The swig turned out to be a long one, and after the gunman wiped his lips in satisfaction, the professor led him out to the apiary behind the house. "I keep bees," the professor explained, "and I hid the hydrogen bomb notes in back of the biggest hive. Don't worry about the bees, though---they won't sting you. Watch!"

The gunman stared in fascination as the professor stuck his hands among the swarm of bees around the hive. Leaning farther and farther over, Prof. Oppdycker pretended to be straining to reach something behind the hive---and then, his face almost obscured by the bees buzzing around him, he said: "The papers seem to have slipped down a bit. I...I can't reach them. Your hands are longer than mine; you better try."

"You sure they won't sting me?" the gunman asked warily.

"They didn't sting me, did they?"

"All right then, move away and don't try any tricks. I'll get those papers."

The gunman neared the hive, leaned over, and stuck his free hand into the recess behind the hive. "I don't feel any papers---OWWW!"

Shrieking in sheer agony, the gunman dropped his gun and began clawing at the hundreds of bees that were stinging his face. "Help---get them off me!" he howled.

The professor smiled as he picked up the gun and pointed it at the killer. "Oh, I forgot to tell you, Agent X. The papers aren't there---but bees have a strong dislike of alcohol. Anyone smelling of it will always be stung when approaching even tame bees!"

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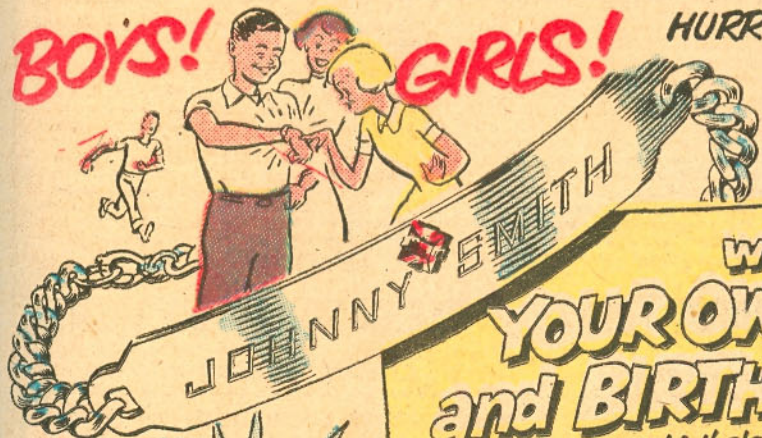
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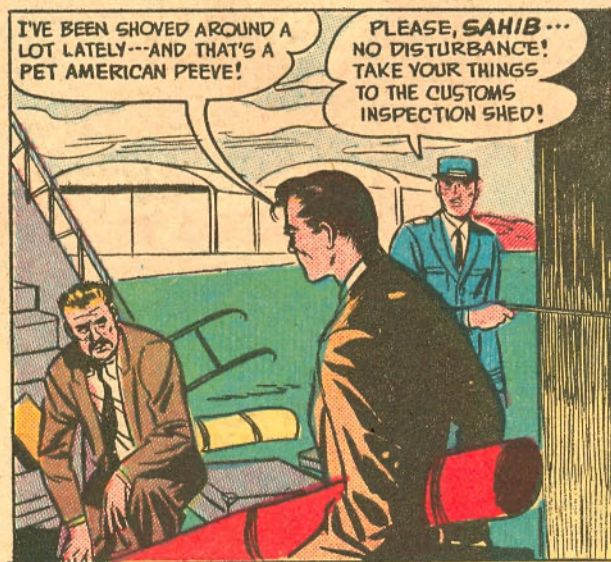
YOU GAPIING FOOL
...GET MOVING!
I HAVEN'T GOT
ALL DAY!

CRASH!



HOW'S THIS
FOR MOVING,
BUSTER?

POW!



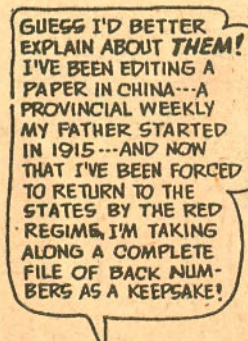
I'VE BEEN SHOVED AROUND A
LOT LATELY---AND THAT'S A
PET AMERICAN PEEVE!

PLEASE, SAHIB---
NO DISTURBANCE!
TAKE YOUR THINGS
TO THE CUSTOMS
INSPECTION SHED!

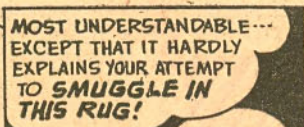


THERE'S THAT CHICK AGAIN! I CAN'T
GUESS WHY SHE'D BE INTERESTED
IN ME---UNLESS SHE'S A TOP-
NOTCH MIND READER!

YOU ARE CHUCK
MALCOLM? YOU
HAVE NOTHING TO
DECLARE BUT
BACK COPIES
OF NEWSPAPERS?

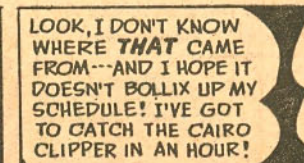


GUESS I'D BETTER
EXPLAIN ABOUT THEM!
I'VE BEEN EDITING A
PAPER IN CHINA---A
PROVINCIAL WEEKLY
MY FATHER STARTED
IN 1915---AND NOW
THAT I'VE BEEN FORCED
TO RETURN TO THE
STATES BY THE RED
REGIME, I'M TAKING
ALONG A COMPLETE
FILE OF BACK NUM-
BERS AS A KEEPSAKE!



MOST UNDERSTANDABLE---
EXCEPT THAT IT HARDLY
EXPLAINS YOUR ATTEMPT
TO SMUGGLE IN
THIS RUG!

HUH?



LOOK, I DON'T KNOW
WHERE THAT CAME
FROM---AND I HOPE IT
DOESN'T BOLlix UP MY
SCHEDULE! I'VE GOT
TO CATCH THE CAIRO
CLIPPER IN AN HOUR!



SORRY, SAHIB---YOU MUST
BE DETAINED IN NEW DELHI
UNTIL YOUR OFFENSE CAN BE
INVESTIGATED! PLEASE
TAKE A ROOM AT THE
HOTEL VICEROY UNTIL A
HEARING IS
ARRANGED!



NICE, HUH? NOW THAT I AM ABLE TO DATE THAT TAMALES... SHE'S DIS-APPEARED!

MR. KONSTANTIN, YOU SAY YOUR PACKAGE CONTAINS AN ORIENTAL RUG! WHAT ARE THESE NEWSPAPERS WITH A CHINESE DATELINE?

ACH... ALWAYS MY HANDWRITING MAKES TROUBLE! I WROTE ORIENTAL RAG... MEANING AMERICAN SLANG FOR NEWS-PAPER!

AN HOUR LATER...

YEP... A SWITCH LIKE THIS COULD HAPPEN ONLY IN THE ORIENT! AND JUST TO MAKE SURE MY FRIENDS IN THE STATES DON'T LAUGH OFF THE STORY, I WANT SOMETHING TO BACK IT UP... A PICTURE OF THE RUG!

Then...

BANG!

CRACK!

DON'T MOVE! YOU MAY BE THE CRAFTIEST SPY IN THE ORIENT... BUT SAFIRA IS NOT AFRAID TO USE A GUN!

SPY... ME? LOOK, BABY... YOU SURE YOU'VE GOT THE RIGHT MAN?

YES, AND I'VE GOT THIS... YOUR FIRST STEP IN THE COMMUNIST CONQUEST OF AFGHANISTAN!

DREAMBOAT, YOU'VE GOT SOME WRONG IDEAS TO GET RID OF... INCLUDING THAT GUN!

OHH!

AS THE GIRL WRENCHES FREE...



I DON'T KNOW HOW I MANAGED TO GET IN THE MIDDLE OF **THIS** ... BUT THAT GIRL AND HER RUG GIVE ME **TWO** THINGS I WANT A CLOSER LOOK AT!

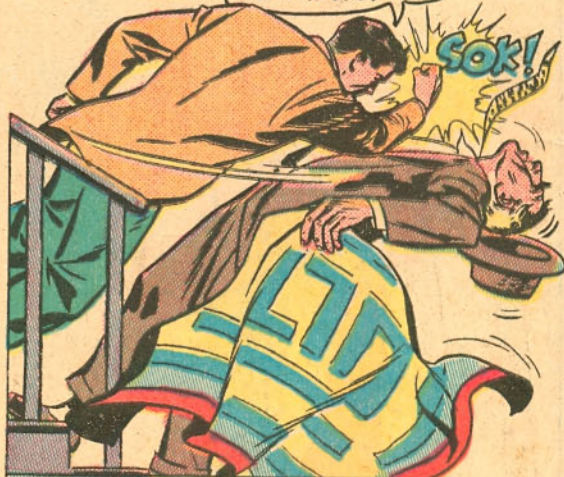


SKULKING DOGS... LET ME GO!

OH-OH! THAT'S THE CHARACTER I BELTED BACK AT THE AIR-PORT!



THAT RUG'S CHANGING HANDS FAST, BUD... BUT IT'S **MINE** UNTIL I GET MY NEWSPAPERS!



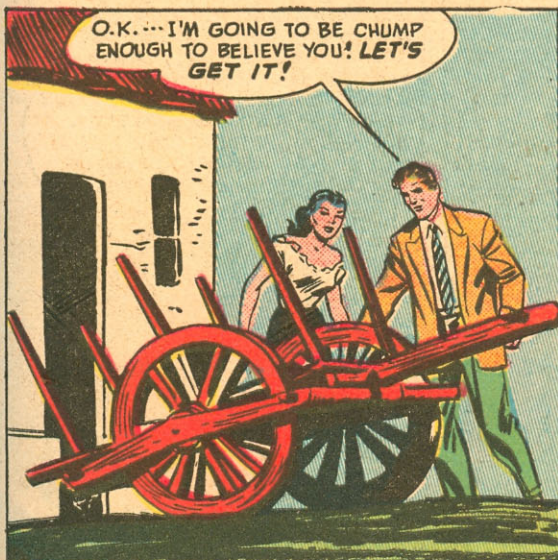
TAKE YOUR NEWSPAPERS, FOOL... AND TAKE MY ADVICE... **DON'T MEDDLE!**

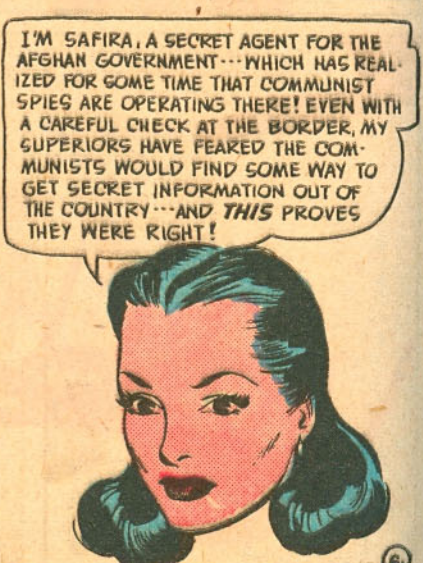
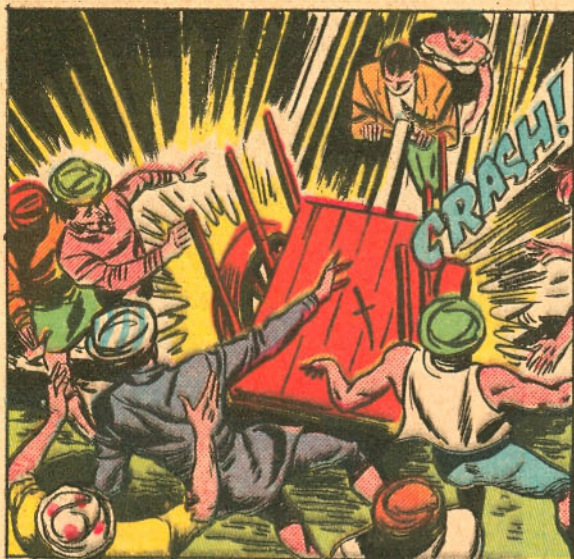


SO! YOU HAVE LEARNED HOW TO HANDLE AMERICANS!

OH, BROTHER... WHAT'S GONNA HAPPEN TO HIM!





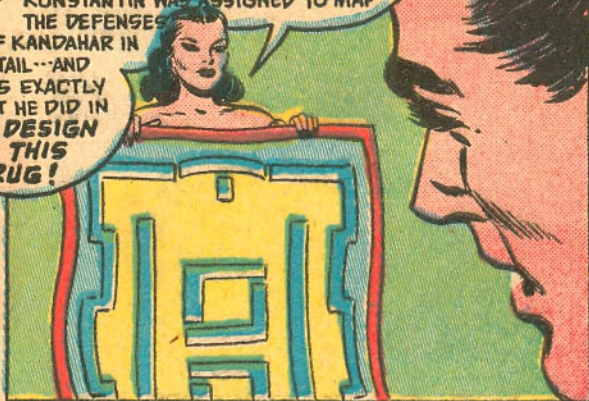


THE **RUG**? I HATE TO SOUND DENSE, BABY... BUT WHAT'S THE TIEUP?

THE KEY TO AFGHAN DEFENSES IS THE WALLED CITY OF KANDAHAR...WHICH LIES SQUARELY ACROSS THE DIRECT ROUTE FROM COMMUNIST TURKESTAN TO THE DEFENSELESS PLAINS OF NORTHERN INDIA!

BUT KANDAHAR IS ENCIRCLED BY MASONRY THIRTY FEET HIGH AND FIFTEEN FEET THICK...AND THE HUGE STONE BLOCKS COULD WITHSTAND WEEKS OF SHELLING AND BOMBING! SINCE ANY COMMUNIST INVASION WOULD HAVE TO DEPEND ON FAST-MOVING SURPRISE TACTICS, KONSTANTIN WAS ASSIGNED TO MAP THE DEFENSES

OF KANDAHAR IN DETAIL...AND THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT HE DID IN THE **DESIGN OF THIS RUG!**



A CAPTURED ACCOMPLICE REVEALED THAT KONSTANTIN WAS TAKING THE RUG TO SLAVONIA VIA NEW DELHI...AND SINCE WE HAD NO DESCRIPTION OF KONSTANTIN, I MADE A NATURAL MISTAKE WHEN I FOUND THE RUG IN **YOUR** POSSESSION!

THAT'S NOTHING TO THE MISTAKE **WE** MADE IN LETTING KONSTANTIN **ES-CAPE**, SAFIRA! HOW CAN WE BE SURE HE DIDN'T **COPY** THOSE PLANS...ONCE HE GOT THE RUG ACROSS THE BORDER?

EVEN IF HE DID, HE WILL NOT RISK THE CAPTURE OF HIS ACCOMPLICES STILL IN AFGHANISTAN...NOW THAT HIS METHOD HAS BEEN DISCOVERED! KONSTANTIN WILL RETURN TO WARN THE OTHERS...AND WE MUST FIND A WAY TO **TRAP THEM ALL!**

O.K. ...THINK YOU CAN USE YOUR DRAG WITH THE INDIAN GOVERNMENT TO GET US A PLANE?



NEXT DAY...OVER THE TREMENDOUS WALLS OF KANDAHAR...

THAT IS THE RUG MAKERS' QUARTER, CHUCK! WE'D NEED WEEKS TO MAKE A THOROUGH SEARCH...GIVING KONSTANTIN AND HIS ACCOMPLICES MORE THAN ENOUGH TIME TO **ESCAPE!**

WAIT A MINUTE, HONEY...YOU MEAN **ALL** THE RUG MAKERS IN KANDAHAR ARE CROWDED TOGETHER IN THAT ONE SECTION?

THAT'S RIGHT! IT'S AN ANCIENT AFGHAN CUSTOM!

SWEETHEART, THAT GIVES ME A LEAD ON NAILING KONSTANTIN WITH AN OLD AMERICAN CUSTOM...**SOMETHING FOR FREE!**



A MOMENT LATER...



SOON AFTERWARD...

CHUCK--WILL YOU PLEASE TELL ME WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT?

THE LOWDOWN WILL HAVE TO WAIT! WHILE I'M GETTING A HOTEL ROOM, I WANT YOU TO ROUND UP A BUNCH OF KIDS --AND HAVE THEM SPREAD A MESSAGE THROUGH THE RUG MAKERS' QUARTER! AFTER YOU'VE DONE **THAT**...GET A PLAN OF THE DISTRICT FROM THE POLICE FILES!



SOON...EXCITED VOICES SOUND ABOVE THE CLATTER OF THE RUG LOOMS!

FLEA, SPEAK PLAINLY! YOU SAY THIS NEWSPAPER IS WORTH **MONEY**?

YES...YES! THEY WERE LOST BY AN AMERICAN...AND THE FIRST MAN TO RETURN A COPY WILL GET A HUNDRED PIASTER REWARD!



IN THE SPACE OF MINUTES...

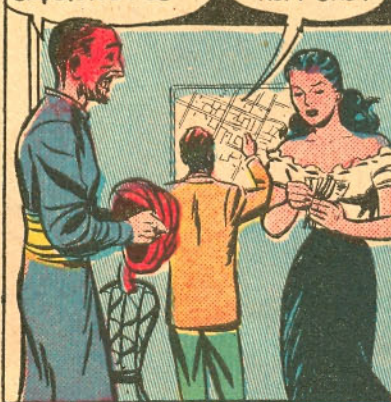
LADY...LADY! MAY ALLAH BE MY WITNESS...I WAS HERE TWENTY STRIDES AHEAD OF THE OTHERS!

WAIT YOUR TURN! **YOU**...WIPE YOUR FEET AND COME IN!



MY NAME IS AKBAR HUSSEIN --AND I WEAVE IN THE SECOND HOUSE IN THE ALLEY OF THE TIRED DONKEY! IF YOU ARE INTERESTED IN AN EXQUISITE RUG--

ALLEY OF THE TIRED DONKEY...O.K., SAFIRA --PAY HIM AND SEND IN THE NEXT ONE!



AFTER THE LAST NATIVE LEAVES...

I WISH I KNEW WHAT YOU'RE UP TO, CHUCK! YOU'VE PAID OUT A HUNDRED PIASTERS TO EVERY RUG MAKER IN KANDAHAR!

NOT QUITE, SWEETHEART! AMONG THE FEW WHO **DIDN'T** SHOW UP ARE THE RUG MAKERS WHO KNOW ENOUGH ABOUT THE ORIGIN OF THOSE NEWSPAPERS TO STAY AWAY...**KON-STANTIN'S ACCOMPLICES!**



AND YOU'VE MARKED THE HOMES OF THE MEN WHO CAME HERE ON THIS STREET MAP?

RIGHT! YOU'LL NOTICE THERE ARE JUST THREE HOUSES THAT **AREN'T** MARKED--AND YOU CAN BET EVERY RUG IN AFGHANISTAN THAT WE'LL FIND KONSTANTIN IN ONE OF THEM!



SOON AFTERWARD...IN A DINGY COURTYARD...

SAFE? DON'T YOU REALIZE

THE AMERICAN HAD A REASON FOR SCATTERING HIS CURSED NEWSPAPERS, KONSTANTIN! THE ONLY SAFE COURSE WILL BE TO GO TO HIS HOTEL AND AMBUSH HIM!

THAT'S HIS PLAN... THAT HE AND SAFIRA ARE HOPING TO AMBUSH US? AT MIDNIGHT THERE WILL BE ONLY ONE WATCHMAN AT THE HERAT GATE...AND IT WILL BE EASY ENOUGH

TO SHOOT OUR WAY THROUGH AND DRIVE TO THE AIRFIELD AT KABUL!

UNEXPECTEDLY...

BANG! BANG! BANG!

WE'VE COME TO THE RIGHT PLACE, CHUCK!

YEP...AND IT'S CRAWLING WITH WRONG GUYS!

CRACK!

THINGS ARE STARTING TO LOOM UP BAD... HEY, RAT?

BANG!

POW!

CRACK!

I DON'T KNOW WHETHER ALL THESE SQUARES ARE RUG MAKERS, SAFIRA...BUT THEY SURE ARE WEAVING!

CHUCK, I WANT TO SEND YOU A RUG TO MAKE SURE YOU'LL REMEMBER ME WHEN YOU GET BACK TO THE STATES...AND YOU CAN PICK ANY DESIGN YOU WANT EXCEPT THE WALLS OF KANDAHAR!

HONEY, HOW ABOUT GETTING A PICTURE OF YOU INTO THE WEAVE...WITH A BORDER OF BIG RED HEARTS?

THE END!
9

Berlin PLOT

RAT-ATAT-TAT!

The crackling of the machine-gun broke the early dawn silence along the border between the Eastern and Western zones of Berlin. An American Lieutenant leaped out of the M. P. guardhouse on the west side of the barricade and watched as a wiry German in civilian clothes fled before the bullets of the pursuing East German police. Moments later, the pursued man had leaped over the barricade and was being held fast in the grip of brawny U. S. military policemen, while the East Germans loudly demanded the return of their ex-prisoner.

Patiently, the U. S. Lieutenant explained to the East Germans that the man had illegally entered the Western Zone and would be detained until a thorough investigation of the circumstances had been made. When the East Germans violently protested that the man was *their* prisoner and should be returned to them, the Lieutenant wearily turned his back on them and ordered his men to take the wiry German into the guardhouse for questioning.

Half an hour later, the M. P. Lieutenant was talking excitedly over the phone to U. S. Counter-Intelligence Headquarters in Berlin. "That's right, Major, the prisoner claims that he was one of the top-ranking Intelligence operatives in East Berlin, and that he knows the names of hundreds of spies in our zone! He says he's bitter because the East German secret police murdered his brother, and he's willing to tell us all he knows---at you'll need an interpreter when you speak to him, because he doesn't know any English."

"All right. Send him to Counter-Intelligence Headquarters under guard. We'll have an interpreter ready."

At C.-I. Headquarters, Major Charles Gordon listened intently to the interpreter's translation of what the wiry German was saying. Finally, the Major said in amazement, "It---it's *impossible!* Some of those people he says are East German spies are actually our best secret service operatives! Gustav Schmidt...Hans Castorp...Karl Maxelman...they're all *our* agents, so how can they be working for the East Germans? They---"

The Major paused as he detected a triumphant gleam in the wiry German's eyes...and a sudden thought hit him. "I think this guy's a spy," Major Gordon said loudly, reaching into his back pocket. "He was sent here to give us false information---and I'm going to *kill* him for that!"

Before the Major could withdraw his hand from his back pocket, the wiry German erupted into action. Diving for one of the M. P.'s, he seized his pistol and was about to use it when Major Gordon's fist exploded in his face.

The German looked up sullenly from the floor while rubbing his jaw, and then he snarled at the Major, "All right, so you found me out. But *how?*"

Major Gordon grinned. "When I saw that gleam of triumph in your eyes, I suddenly realized that you might have been sent over with that list of names of suspected West German spies, hoping to hear something that would confirm the fact that they were agents for the democratic powers---so that you and your East German triggermen could put them on the list for assassination! And I foolishly gave that information away---but you gave *yourself* away when you showed that you understood English. We'd have no evidence against you and would have to let you go free---if you hadn't tried to bolt!"

New silk-finish enlargement, ivory gold-tooled frame



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Fill out description below. Mark back of picture 1 and 2.

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Eyes _____

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Here's Your Chance to
BE POPULAR!



I'M CERTAINLY MISSING A LOT
OF FUN, AND DATES, TOO.
IF I COULD ONLY PLAY
THE PIANO THE WAY
BETTY DOES.
'WONDER HOW SHE
LEARNED SO FAST?
I'LL ASK HER THE
FIRST CHANCE I GET.



MARY, I NEVER TOOK A LESSON IN MY LIFE - BUT
NOW I CAN PLAY WELL, THANKS TO THE
AUTOMATIC CHORD SELECTOR AND
THE DEAN ROSS SIMPLE ABC METHOD.
YOU OUGHT TO TRY IT!

IF IT'S AS EASY
AS YOU SAY AND
IT ONLY COSTS
\$1.98 I'LL SEND
FOR IT
RIGHT AWAY!



GLAD I TOOK BETTY'S ADVICE.
NOW I GET INVITED
EVERYWHERE. NO MORE
WALLFLOWER STUFF
FOR ME!

"I learned to play a song in 10
minutes."
-A.C.C., Washington
"Even if one never played a
note it is easy."
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"Now I can play sheet music
beautifully."
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Hundreds of thankful, en-
thusiastic letters like these
are in our files.

New, Patented AUTOMATIC CHORD SELECTOR Guides Your Fingers

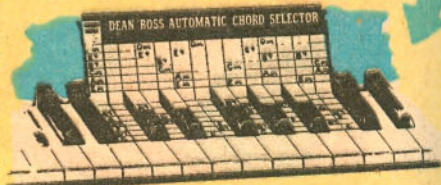
YOU, too, can play piano with BOTH hands, in no time at all! Thousands have learned to play this fast, easy way. With the amazing, new invention, the AUTOMATIC CHORD SELECTOR there's really nothing to it. Before long you're playing songs everyone enjoys... from Hit Parade numbers and hymns to beautiful old ballads.

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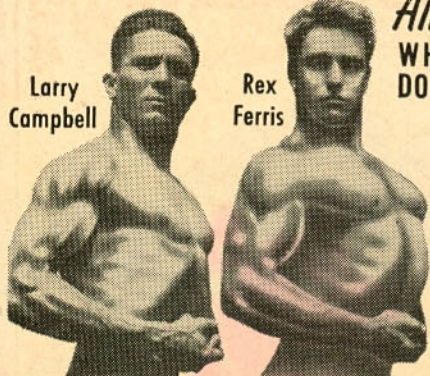
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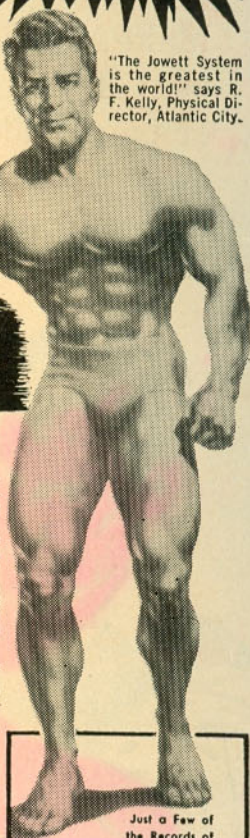
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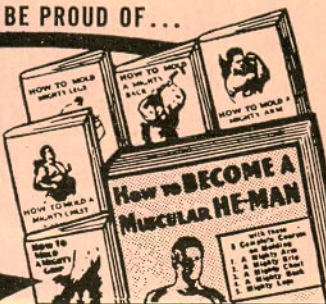
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